The
COMMONWEAL

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Pope Pius XII's Five Points

THE HOLY FATHER'S stirring plea for peace, Christmas Eve, was an appeal to the whole world for a return to a Christian spirit and to Christian principles. Yet it was more specific than that. Pius XII indicated what was in store for a war-tried and war-exhausted Europe. If the war is protracted and intensified, the peoples in the end will find themselves face to face with "forces of disorder" which "lie in wait . . . in the hope of being able to give the final blow to Christian Europe." The Pope's five principles for negotiating peace before it is too late reflect years of training in international relations and deep concern for every people. The first point calls for the guarantee of the life and independence of all nations, but it should not be considered apart from the Holy Father's hopes for a new and better League of Nations. Reparation and restoration of recent European conquests are essential and on the basis of justice for all concerned. The second principle is that universal disarmament must be a truly integral part of the peace. Then there must be adequate machinery for treaty revision (a glaring deficiency of the Treaty of Versailles). The fourth point deals with the benevolent consideration that must be given to the real needs and just demands of all nations and ethnic groups. Finally the Christian spirit of brotherly love must motivate peoples and leaders so that they will hunger and thirst after justice and realize their personal responsibility in this universal crusade for peace. Echoes of these words were widely voiced by American statesmen, columnists, editors and clergymen of every faith. They are aspirations of men the world over these anxious days.

Peace for the World

World's Men of Good Will

CHRISTMAS was an inevitable season for all men even vaguely conscious of Christianity to think of peace and do what they could for peace. The most vivid act of all was President Roosevelt's letter to the Pope and to representatives of Protestantism and Jewry. To Catholics the news that Myron Taylor will be going to Rome as our President's personal representative "in order that our parallel endeavors for peace and the alleviation of suffering may be assisted" is the best kind of news. Happily the general tenor of public reaction has also been friendly and favorable. Both Dr. Buttrick of the Federal Council of Churches and Rabbi Cyrus Adler went out of their way in their replies to extend greetings to each other and to the Holy Father. Of course the Pope is still a bogeyman, and a dangerous fellow in the subliminal consciousness of many a citizen brought up in the Protestant tradition, and the instinctive non-Catholic response toward such an action as the President's is that of wondering whether there are not dangers latent in our having a representative at the Vatican. This attitude has, indeed, made itself felt, but it is far from widespread. It is encouraging and significant that it is not; for the step Mr. Roosevelt took is not on the level of that world-politics which is concocted, hatched and brought to fruition in the world's chancelleries. It is on another level altogether, on the level the President himself recognized as the source of events, the level of "thousands of humble people, living in scores of different nations. Their names are not known to history, but their daily work and courage carry on the life of the world." It is in its effect on such people, the humble shepherds to whom first the Angels gave glad tidings, that the President's action is important; it is such who alone can build peace. Statesmen and soldiers and wars and alarms cannot do it. They, "the masses whose voices are not heard," alone can build what the world needs, which is a peace that is greater than the mere absence of war. It is a token of Mr. Roosevelt's genius that he can be a politician and still recognize this great political truth.

Shepherds and Leaders

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Captain Langsdorff's Suicide

THE SUICIDE of the commander of the ill-starred *Graf Spee* has been canvassed from many angles. Some think the deed was Captain Langsdorff's reaction to defeat; others, that it represented his own bitter "last word" to Hitler's order that he blow up his ship. Still others, given to theatrical thinking, have found in the act of self-destruction a vindication of the tradition they misconceive to be that "the captain goes down with his ship." So far as our information goes, there is no such immoral rule in any civilized navy. To conclude with the speculations, the New York *Herald Tribune* has uttered some penetrating phrases on the inner destructiveness, the gloomy nihilism, of the Nazi philosophy; these may furnish the key to how the bravery of a brave man—as Captain Langsdorff is certified to have been; even by his enemies—was perverted into the impulse which made him destroy himself. We do not know—no one ever knows, definitively—what actuates the dreadful sin, the horrible, sterile tragedy, of self-murder. We merely record our conviction that it would be a great misfortune if any aura of heroism or glory clung about this unhappy deed in the general judgment of it. It is a long time since honor required the defeated man to run upon his sword. The world has been morally remade since then. The Christian hero risks his life readily enough for his cause or his country or his friend; but his motive never is, and cannot be, self-destruction, and his heroism rises to its most significant heights when he is enduring defeat.

Victory or Death?

This positive lesson of the suicide needs emphasis more than the papers have given it. There is a kind of Promethean grandeur and horror about the apparent willingness of the Nazis to destroy themselves and Germany and all Europe unless they achieve the goals they have set in iron. German rulers really appear willing to live only on condition that they live "heroically," i.e., as rulers triumphant and powerful. "Victory or death!" when victory is deliberately and proudly restricted to very material political and military terms, becomes a supremely terrible war cry. In eternity, such an alternative permits simply death as the end: the meek shall inherit the earth. And even in current politics and economics, isn't that inevitable when the issue is propounded willfully and boldly, with no compromise? Consider within Germany the ostracism, shame, the concentration camps and prisons. Niemoeller, Schuschnigg, hundreds of Christians and Jews are utterly defeated, but they are alive. Men of religious principle do not commit suicide while they can retain their reason . . . and how stubbornly they fight off insanity. Life itself is valuable to the poor in spirit; without glory, success, dignity, they still affirm life. You can't take enough away from them to make them put away life. Its final value does not come from anything which the most powerful general or despot controls. The life of the world is indeed carried through by the "thousands of humble people" the President referred to in his Christmas letter. This is stated by Christianity clearly, but it can be perceived by sensitive observation even on the most naturalistic level. The poor, the defeated, have so little to take hold of that the proud cannot break them. Like cells in some amorphous organism, they can simply survive and transmit life. Christianity shows the shape of that organism. A book like "The Grapes of Wrath" exhibits this truth to be seen without philosophic or religious construction. And at the other end of the scale, read the Magnificat, the poem of the Virgin Mary. The suicide of captains may be a proclamation of victory to the oppressed, to prisons, to concentration camps.

Budget Problems During War

HINTS about the President's budget message to cover the 1941 fiscal year (July 1, 1940 to June 30, 1941) dwelt around the figure $8,500,000,000. The highest the Treasury's ordinary receipts have ever been was in 1938, when a total of $6,242,000,000 was collected. The armament figure was expected to be the breaker: even with the "ruthless" trimming said to be in process, the Army and Navy were expected to take $2,100,000,000. Thus spreads the devastation of war in neutral countries. The financial policies of the warring nations have apparently not been finally worked out and published. Only now is Germany contemplating her first specific war loan. There are grumblings about rationing, the fears of small businesses losing their independence in the stress of war, the complaints of big business over too great restrictions, and, most definitely, decay of the railway system. England and France are tied together economically and financially as never before, but they have problems of raising money which they must meet individually. Already England is paying out $28,000,000 a day on the war. France expects the costs to be much greater than in waging the last war. She estimates her first year's war needs at 300,000,000,000 francs ($.0224), and wants to pay as much as possible out of taxes. All the nations want to keep their economics as normal as possible, and especially to arrange war finance so that peace would not bring economic disaster. In Britain, living costs have already risen 12 percent. The main debate revolves around these prices and costs and wages. J. M. Keynes leads a group who want to institute forced savings by the people—since, because of rationing, they cannot get goods anyway but can

In U. S. A. Too

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only bid up the price of what is available—and stable wages and prices. At the end of war, when more goods would be available, the people would have savings by which to buy them. All the nations must know that however the books are kept during the war there simply must be less goods and services for human use. The war is a contest to see which side can be forced to the greatest poverty in useful things, and which side is least willing to put up with the deprivation. These war aims affect neutrals as well as belligerents. Finance and economies reach a new realism during war.

More Blue Stamps

Cotton Is a Surplus Commodity

THE FOOD STAMP DIVISION of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation (U. S. Department of Agriculture) has quietly been extending its operations from the first experiment at Rochester, N. Y., until now its blue stamps are available to reliefers and—in one case at least—to low income citizens in a quarter of a hundred cities or regions. The plan has worked out very well indeed, no one raising any serious objection. President Milo Perkins of the FSCC has announced definite plans to include cotton goods in the scope of the scheme, which will provide his corporation with an opportunity to get rid of its cotton holdings without depressing the market. That is the beauty of the whole idea. When there is unemployment with its consequent shrinkage of the national purchasing power, there are also surpluses. The interaction of these two phenomena has a markedly depressant effect on prices, which, when they being to drop, in turn produce further unemployment. The blue stamp scheme acts as a natural brake on this cumulative deflationary process, tending to stabilize prices where they are softest by creating a specialized purchasing power for commodities of which there is a surplus. The effect of the plan on the national economy can only be tested by a nation-wide application, but every indication is that it will work out as planned and may prove a most valuable permanent economic stabilizer. And one cannot help being predisposed in favor of any scheme that will better the diet and clothing of the poor.

A Negro Family and a Sweepstakes Ticket

Justice Prudence Charity

NOT NEARLY enough has been written of the Mason family of Philadelphia, who in the past few months have gone from rags to riches. Ordinarily when $150,000 is suddenly thrust into the hands of a man whose family has been eking out a painful existence on $11.40 a week in relief, the results are far from happy. All too often he is found back at the starting point a few months later, sadder, perhaps wiser, certainly with fewer real friends. The Masons had kept going through odd jobs, salvaging junk, pawning meager belongings. Their flat had no heat but that from a kitchen stove, and rain poured right through the roof. The sweepstakes victory, of course, brought such a horde of human birds of prey to their door that police had to rope off their dingy street. The Masons rose to the occasion. First they paid their just debts and returned the sum they had been paid by the County Relief Board. They set aside $57,588 for the tax required by the government next March. For themselves they redeemed the things they had pawned, went on a generous diet and bought a house and car. Finally, mindful of their neighbors, they bought a whole block of dilapidated South Philadelphia tenements and put up $40,000 more to employ Negro labor to convert the block into a modern air-conditioned development that will house 100 Negro families. Low rents will be enough to take care of operation and upkeep and provide a modest income; tenants will have such facilities as playgrounds, gymnasium, bowling alley and a chapel. The Masons are being told they are a credit to "the race." One wonders how many white families would have acted as wisely or as well. They are a family of whom the whole United States should be proud.

Half-Holiday in Queens

A Demurrer

A RATHER odd conception of things, it seems to us, must have been behind Borough President Harvey's decree of a half-holiday in Queens (with flags flying, we seem to remember) to celebrate the razing of the Soviet Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. Mr. Harvey does not like the Soviets. No more do we. But it should be possible to express our grateful sense of the political and moral differences between ourselves and the Great Red Rover of the North in some way that does not involve the undignified, even misleading use of official power. The suggestion of a holiday in such circumstances is clearly the suggestion of deliverance from oppression. If the Soviets had marched an army onto Flushing Meadows and taken the Fair by storm, and if thereafter a kindly Providence had removed them to less bothersome quarters, *then* holidays and bunting (if there was bunting) would be in order. But that is not what happened. We were by no means as helpless as all that—not to go into the question of whether the Red Army is as strong as all that. The exhibition space was leased to the Soviets by us, of our own free will, and they paid good money for it, and a good deal of it. If we were in error in allowing them to exhibit, let us acknowledge it soberly. It would be a wholesome thing to do. But the greater our penitence and our present relief, the more scrupulously should we refrain from gestures that excuse, and perhaps confuse, us.

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Civilization and Sovereignty

This war points to the need for a new international organization, now or very soon.

By E. I. Watkin

IN ONE SENSE of the word, civilization is not and cannot be in danger. Whatever revolutions and wars await us there can be no dark age such as enveloped the area of Mediterranean culture when the barbarian hordes conquered Rome. For as the result of printing the accumulated knowledge of mankind has been multiplied throughout the world. Short of an impossible supposition, concerted action by all the governments on earth, the books which contain this vast treasure are indestructible. The libraries of the United States alone contain times and times over the stored knowledge and wisdom of mankind. Even if all the existing factories could be ruined, every existing machine destroyed, the books which describe and explain technical processes would enable future generations to restore the loss and revive the technical civilization made possible by applied science. And though works of art are even more vulnerable than in the past, at least the world is full of excellent photographs of them to inspire and teach artists of the future.

In a very true sense, therefore, civilization is indestructible and must henceforth accompany the human race to the end of its earthly history. In another sense, however, civilization is in grave danger. For knowledge and its technical application do not suffice to create a civilization in the true sense, unless indeed we are to distinguish between civilization and culture. And most people, I think, do not do so. A genuine civilization, a culture, involves a way of living, a spiritual and intellectual life which may exist with a modicum of knowledge and technique, may be non-existent when the latter have attained a very high level. To see this we have but to look around us. Despite its enormous advances in technical civilization and its wide diffusion of scientific knowledge, Soviet Russia is far less civilized than the Russia of the Tsars. For man's spiritual life is starved by an irreligious and, in a wide sense, materialist philosophy, and there is far less intellectual freedom than existed even under the Tsarist autocracy. And Germany to the extent to which it is being permeated by National Socialism is losing its civilization. Otherwise, it could not have tolerated the barbarous pogrom of last winter. And to accept the National Socialist ideology is to deny the primacy of spirit over the irrational vital force represented by racial blood. Nor is this barbarism prevented by the fact that the libraries of Germany and Russia contain far more than sufficient literature to equip the entire planet with the means of culture.

And what does the civilization of a vast manufacturing center amount to? The majority of its inhabitants pass their lives toiling in the servitude of a machine to spend their margin of earnings above subsistence level on mechanized amusement. And the minority who possess the bulk of the profits are not usually cultured, but hard-headed business men whose thoughts are divided between money-making and sport and the enjoyment of luxuries. If there were no threat from war, true civilization, that is culture, is by no means so deep and so widespread as we might perhaps like to believe. Nevertheless, the traditional culture of Christian Europe is not dead. Weakened though it be by modern industrialism and still more by the decay of belief in the Christian religion which moulded and inspired it, it is still a living power. It is like a tree severely cut by frost but still clinging tenaciously to life. Very few in Europe or America have not to some extent been influenced by it. The books we read, the ideas set before our minds, are imbued at worst with some tincture of the European religion culture. Its monuments face us at every turn in the Old World and have been widely copied in the New. Even our secular political ideals derive from it and reflect it. Democracy reflects the Christian doctrine of the value of the individual as possessed of an immortal soul and called to a supernatural destiny. Liberty reflects the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Philanthropy is the shadow of charity.

War and civilization

Moreover, there are signs in several countries of an increasing perception that to attack Christianity as the secularist liberals did in the name of humanity and progress is to cut the root of the latter. What genuine humanitarianism, what liberty is there in the totalitarian states which have risen up against Christianity? And what is their progress worth? We need not therefore despair of the genuine and traditional civilization that is the Christian religion culture, which was born in Europe and has spread beyond the Atlantic.

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But can it survive wars as wars now are? Whether our forebodings have exaggerated the destructive effects of aerial warfare we cannot as yet tell. But in the most optimistic estimate they must be terrible and extensive. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the progress of aviation has ceased or the progressive development of weapons of destruction. The grimmest imaginations of Mr. Wells in his "Shape of Things to Come," though certainly beyond the range of present fulfillment, are not therefore impossibilities of the future. In any case the totalitarian character of modern war renders it fatal to civilization in the true sense such as I have described it above. If air raids did not demolish a single building or cost a single life, the impoverishment resulting from an unrestricted economic struggle between the great nations would render a truly civilized life impossible. Moreover, the conduct of war always tends to sink to the level of the most barbarous combatant. Immoral though reprisals are, fear and anger inevitably produce them.

A starving nation and a nation at bay, of what barbarity is it incapable? And how can such a nation lead a civilized life? Moreover, the intervals between such wars will be but intervals of exhaustion, of fearful foreboding and ruinous armament; not periods of peace but periods of unbloody war. I do not say that there is no value of sufficient worth to justify war. Certainly no national right, not even the right to national independence. For that right is in any case limited. But civilization itself, human liberty, and, above all, the freedom of religion—should not these values, which far exceed any merely national values, be defended even by war? Certainly when religious freedom is at stake I think war for its defense justifiable. For there is no common measure between suffering and the loss of religious truth. But I do not think civilization can be defended by war as war is now waged. For it is liable to be vanquished by the means of its defense. Even those who believe that a war may save civilization assume that it will be the last war and victory inaugurate world peace.

But is a warlike world inevitable? Must our civilization founder in international anarchy? Yes, unless the nature of that anarchy is understood and remedied.

The present international anarchy is not simply war, open or disguised. It is not simply the practice of power politics, failure to observe treaties and international law. All these things are but effects and symptoms of an anarchy more fundamental, an anarchy in which even the most pacific state has its share. For this anarchy is the mere existence of sovereign states. We are accustomed to hear the excessive nationalism of the age admitted and deplored. Nationalism is, however, already excessive when it claims for the nation independent sovereignty. What would be said of a claim by each family to be a sovereign community acknowledging no superior? Yet most men take it for granted that the national society must be sovereign and can admit no superior jurisdiction. It may be, and indeed widely is held that states have a moral duty to settle their quarrels by arbitration. Yet many even of those who believe this also think that, if an issue affects the vital interests of a nation, that nation is not bound to accept an arbitral decision contrary to what it regards as its vital interest. And in any case, a state must not be compelled to obey the umpire's ruling. For that would be inconsistent with its sovereignty. If there were a state whose citizens were not compelled to obey the judgment of a court of law, if and when they regarded the judgment as contrary to their vital interests, it is obvious to everyone that such a state would be in a condition of anarchy. Yet when states make precisely the same claim, it is regarded as right and proper, only what any self-respecting state should claim, and all loyal and patriotic citizens, it is held, not only may but ought to support such a claim, if need be with their lifeblood. Why? Why? Yet again why?

M. Bergson has given a psychological explanation of this illogicality, this absurdity. The herd instinct, he tells us, as it has grown up in the course of evolution, is always directed to the defense of one group against another. Families, clans, districts, even as in Switzerland different racial and linguistic groups, will consent to combine in the wider community—but only in face of some other community, for defense at least against it. But psychological explanation is not a rational justification. If man is to be governed by reason (and if he will not be, civilization has no meaning), he must and can overcome the operation of his instincts when he knows that it is hurtful or, still more, as in this case, fatal to him.

We must not, however, entertain in face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary the unfounded confidence that reason alone, even the reason of selfishness, suffices to ensure rational conduct. It is not enough to preach the duty of states to submit all disputes to the judgment of a court of arbitration, hoping that the force of reasoned argument will finally induce all governments to do so. Rational argument would certainly convince all sane individuals and families that they must submit their serious and irreconcilable disputes to the state courts. But it certainly would not make them all accept in practice an award of the court adverse to themselves. It is not otherwise with nations. Indeed since the level of social morality is lower than that of individual, nations are even less likely than individuals to accept unenforced judgments adverse to their interests.

Therefore, we cannot hope for permanent peace from mere pledges by sovereign states to submit

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their disputes to an arbitration which cannot be enforced upon them. No voluntary agreement between states which remain sovereign can secure peace. For the claim to sovereignty is itself a claim to anarchy and potential war.

What rational ground can be alleged to maintain the right of Holland and Belgium, for example, to sovereign independence in respect of each other which would not require that the French and the German speaking cantons of Switzerland should possess a similar sovereign independence? It is true, peace is not at present endangered by sovereignty as between one small sovereign state and another. For in face of powerful neighbors, small states are not likely to commit mutual suicide. On the other hand, their jealously guarded sovereignty renders each an easier prey to the aggression of such a powerful neighbor. Had the small states of Europe been united in a common confederacy, Nazi Germany would not have been able to devour in turn Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, or Russia to seize her share of Poland, and reduce the sovereignty of the small Baltic States to a farce and threaten the independence of Finland.

Indeed a small state today can be a genuine sovereign state only if the rivalry of two great powers prevents either from attacking it, or if, as is the case with Eire, the state in question is attached to a great state which for policy or principle respects its independence. The latter case, however, is not one of full sovereignty. For a small state is not truly sovereign if its sovereignty is dependent in this way on the goodwill or self-interest of another state.

Abandoning a fetish

Even if any form of world federation is outside the range of present vision, at least the states of Europe, if European civilization is to survive, must abandon the antiquated fetish of national sovereignty and be content with internal home rule, which is as much as any national group can reasonably ask for. In view of the fact that these European nations are far more divided from each other by diversity of language and historical tradition than are the states which compose the United States of North America, the component states of a United States of Europe might well retain a larger measure of autonomy than the states of the American Union. But no more than the latter must they possess a right of secession. Alike for ideological and geographical reasons, this United States of Europe must exclude the U. S. S. R. Only a powerful world state could hold this Eurasian center of Tsarism *cum* international revolutionary communism in one political community with the states which are its prospective victims. The membership of Germany, on the other hand, is indispensable, though the United States of Europe is impossible until National Socialism has been defeated. (I do not say by war, which is a double weapon, but by the revolt of an oppressed and deluded people. The problem of the use of war as a weapon against National Socialism is so difficult that I am glad to be dispensed from the necessity of discussing it.)

Norman Angell has pointed out that the instructive difference between the history of the former British and the former Spanish colonies in America is due to their different attitude towards national sovereignty. Had the Confederate States of North America insisted on retaining sovereign independence, the history of English speaking North America would have been similar to that of Spanish America, a painful history of civil wars. Happily they chose, after a threat of civil war, the rational way. Sovereignty was abandoned and the states were content with a limited autonomy within a larger whole. Even now Spanish America should follow suit. It may perhaps be argued that Canada is a sovereign state, yet a perfect and unarmed peace is maintained between her and the United States. Frankly the answer is that her sovereignty is limited in fact by her geographical position, an isolated proximity to a far more powerful neighbor.

Moreover, if we imagine the happily impossible supposition of the United States entering the present war on the side of Germany, the sovereignty of Canada, such as it is, would involve a conclusion of this epoch of unarmed peace. The frontier between Canada and the United States would become a military frontier. In fact, we may hope that Canada will yet play the part of a link between the present United States of America and the future United States of Europe, federations inspired by kindred ideals of civilized and humane living and joint heirs of a traditional culture. For she would be a juridical member of the latter, geographically attached to the former.

Whatever the future holds in store, one thing is certain: civilization as an ordered and humane way of living is inconsistent with a chaos of sovereign states, as inconsistent as an ordered and humane national group would be with a chaos of independent sovereign provinces. The world of the future has no more place for a Europe divided into some twenty odd sovereign states than England for the past millenium has had place for the heptarchy. Talk of Utopianism is silly. No doubt Protector Somerset was regarded as a Utopian dreamer when in the reign of Edward VI he declared that the only way to secure peace between England and Scotland was their union in a united Britain. His attempt to force the pace by armed conquest failed. But his goal was necessary and has been achieved. So we trust and pray will be the wider but equally indispensable ideal of a European union of conferedate states, as preliminary to a more remote world union.

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In conclusion, it may perhaps be objected that national sovereignty must indeed be destroyed, but that given the actual condition of men's minds and a world in which ruthless power politics prevails, union will be accomplished not by a union of free states voluntarily surrendering their sovereignties, but by the empire of a conqueror, a new *pax romana*. Provided this power were not the vehicle of an intolerant irreligious ideology such as communism or National Socialism, even this would be preferable to a continuance of the present anarchy. But why is the more excellent way impossible? Throughout large portions of the globe freedom and right are still prized, as they were not when Rome vanquished rival despotisms. Modern Europe, therefore, would not acquiesce so contentedly in a European empire imposed by one state upon the rest, as the peoples of the ancient world acquiesced in the Empire of the Caesars. Moreover, the only states with any desire to impose such an empire or any prospect of doing so are more totalitarian and more tyrannical than the Roman Empire. Even now the two greatest powers of Western Europe are resisting one of them, and are prepared, if need arose, to resist the other, which would moreover be opposed by a wider coalition. So we are brought back to the better alternative, a free confederation achieved by its members' voluntary curtailment of sovereign power. The more frequently this ideal is advocated, and the more widely it takes root in men's minds, the nearer its accomplishment. May this article be a contribution, however small, to propaganda so beneficent and so opportune.

Cripple Creek Scavengers

An artists' colony in a deserted mining region, feasting on its skeleton.

By **Archie Musick**

DID YOU EVER notice the behavior of a dog toward the dry dead carcass of a bird or fish or animal? What explanation is there for the perverse ecstasy he derives from wallowing in the remains?

Why is it that painters and poets become the ghosts of ghost towns, haunting the decayed ruins, poking into dank tunnels, thrilling to moss-grown stonework—sucking their creative stimulus out of the dead past, like maggots at a feast? As the new forest thrives on the decay of the old, buried Caesars of industry incite the same esthetic urge that despises wheels of progress.

Nine years ago three painters—a woman and two men—left Manhattan's roaring forties to establish an art "colony" in the Colorado Rockies. The graveyard with the richest pickings seemed to lie in the Cripple Creek district. Two tents were pitched on a mull below Bull Hill, in the shadow of the defunct Modoc mine overlooking Goldfield, which is just up the valley from Victor. The terrain was so rocky the little grove of quaking aspens surrounding the tents seemed as precious as a tree in downtown New York. Six unguarded mine shafts lay within a radius of 150 feet of the camp. It was no place for sleepwalkers, although the high altitude and incredible steepness of the slopes gave the sensation of sleepwalking.

So energizing was the tang of bygone glamor that these penniless daubers were content to exist on beans, cornmeal, flour, coffee and cornsyrup, varying their diet by conjoining different pairs from this strained commissariat for the greater part of the summer. Natives and priority squatters were agreeably communistic in their amicability toward the newcomers' muscling in on their wood supply—which is to say, what was left of the Modoc mine building.

For every hour that was spent at the easel, three more were necessarily invested in the business of rustling wood, getting meals, doing the dishes and laundry in the most primitive fashion, and keeping dry. Rain and hail were terrific. The tents leaked so that the sleepers were obliged to lay painted canvases across their stomachs, shingle-wise, so that the water would drain off without soaking the bedding.

Between times the three squatters industriously sketched and painted melancholy hills warted with glory holes; eerie buildings that stood on them stark against the sky; rotten trestles, dormant rusting machinery, amorphous ore dumps, rickety gallows frames.

A glory hole was roofed over with sticks, mud and tin, to form a combination cook shack and sanctuary for keeping dry. Even then it took some brisk bailing to keep it from becoming a canopied bathtub. A dining table of heavy timbers that had once lined a stope was installed, as was part of a heating stove salvaged from the inexhaustible Modoc. This latter item served as a cookstove, as well as to break the chill of the July

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evenings. Here, after the supper dishes had been disposed of, it being too early for bed, they sketched one another across the table by the light of miners' candles, and relived vicariously the glamor of the past.

The glamor of the past

A quarter century before, the isolated area had boasted a population of 50,000. Trains from three lines ran every half hour and streetcars snaked crazily over the eight square miles of topographic maze. The metal had attracted all the heterogeneous facets of humanity that are glorified by romantic writers. There were gambling wizards, deadshots, bunco men, labor agitators, artists of the infernal machine; theatres, saloons, lodge halls and houses of ill fame. Embellished accounts of what had gone on—and considerable that hadn't—still lived through the mouths of native old-timers.

But though these sophisticated primitives were awed by it all, they did not lack material for a balanced conjecture. From the perspective of their experiences they were in a position to see what the natives could not: the meaning of this wholesale gutting of mother earth. To the east of them, beyond the bald tip of Pike's Peak, lay that spotless, lackadaisical community of Colorado Springs. Ambassadors and royalty were entertained there and her culture, imported in a lump from England, left its initial tracks in these ugly scars on the hillsides of the Cripple Creek district. The splendor of greyhounds and grey pacers; cricket, tea lawns, caste portraiture—all had been injected into the Rocky Mountain wilderness by the magic of turning these hills inside-out.

Important careers could be traced here. Yehudi Menuhin's renowned teacher Persinger, when a boy, had found an angel in W. S. Stratton, that "Midas of the Rockies." This eccentric nabob was a lowly carpenter and prospector for seventeen fruitless years before he stumbled on the mine that later sold for ten million dollars cash. Stratton was adamant in not removing ore from it any faster than it could be transmuted into something of value to mankind. Hence his famous slogan, "Gold is worth more in the ground than out of it." The mine was his bank. Nature had placed the account, and fortuity had opened it in his name. That was better than a man-made vault. When he could think of a useful way to invest a half-million dollars, he simply went to his vault and got it. Stratton was the richest and most eccentric of the Colorado millionaires after the colorful fiasco of Silver Dollar Tabor. The majority of them, when making a lucky strike, followed, sheep-fashion, the puerile custom of joining up with the Wood Avenue gang. This meant building a house as big as a shoe factory and overflowing it with ostentatious junk until, in the words of Edward G. Robinson, they were "crawling with culture."

That city, that Shangri La at the foot of Pike's Peak, still considered itself a pace-setter in correct culture. Donors had established a fine college which held the reputation of "highbrow" though not highbrow enough for the children of the donors. These were usually sent abroad for their education.

Long after Stratton's demise, another multi-millionaire, tired of his impressive home, donated it to the city for an art academy, and built himself a bigger and more pretentious one to live in. During the summer of Lindbergh's flight to Paris that art academy had drawn these three art students from different parts of the country to succumb to the spell of Colorado's open spaces. After two years' subsequent sojourn in New York, their nostalgic ghoul instincts carried them back to the historic wastelands of Cripple Creek.

Now they considered the cyclic propinquity which had contacted them with the art school that had been in a sense taken from the Cripple Creek earth, and later events that had brought them back to the holes out of which the town's opulence had been dug.

Down the slope toward Victor stood the tall tipple of the Independence Mine. Stratton, its discoverer, donor of millions, famous for his humane consideration of derelicts and working girls, had sided in with the mine owners who had refused to raise the miners' wages above two dollars per day. High on the summit of Bull Hill (from the camp), to the right of the extinct town of Altman, was the site where the strikers had improvised a fantastic cannon of sewer pipe wrapped with mine cable, and trained it on the state militia which was encamped in Grassy Gulch —a terrific drop in altitude beyond the cliffs. Enough mines were still working to justify their rather banal observation that "the spirit of Cripple Creek lives on."

The writer of this document, being the odd man in the trio, recently returned alone to the site of the colony, pursuing that same ghoulish objective, ferreting out fragments of glamor skeletons with the view to reconstructing them after a fashion, on canvas, in the hopes that they would strike an answering chord in some other ghoul, with a pocketbook. Only a careful search revealed evidence that the colony ever existed. The dug-out had caved in, storms had eradicated any testimony that it might have once possessed a significance apart from that of the other thousand glory holes. A few stones that had protected the corners of the tents still remained. That was all. The aspen leaves quaked, as they have always quaked; the somnolent breeze whispered through them only of the fate of artists who struggle impotently awhile, and fall by the wayside.

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Mamba's Granddaughters

The happy solution of the Negro problem lies with both Whites and Blacks

By John T. Gillard, S.S.J.

IN THE NATURE of things there is nothing ludicrous in a fisherman's boast that he is saving his money in order to be able to send his son through college. Ordinarily that is a most laudable ambition. Yet in the decade-ago, all-Negro play *Porgy,* a white audience laughed at the expression of such an ambition. In all the Negro plays which I have seen memory recalls only that single sentence which would indicate that the Negro is capable of highly developed instincts and laudable ambitions, just like the best of white folks.

A psychologist might say that white audiences patronize and applaud most of the Negro plays which have made "hits" with pale-faced audiences because of a subconscious sense of superiority which they experience in seeing the Negro depicted in a low state in which they like to believe he belongs. It is a matter of record that nearly every play which was supported by the white public over long runs has portrayed the Negro in an unworthy rôle and yet was lifted to greatness only by the histrionic ability and spiritual interpretation of the Negro cast.

No exception is "Mamba's Daughters," recent New York stage success starring skilful, sepia-skinned Ethel Waters who, supported by an all-Negro cast, lifted a vicious theme to heights of grandeur. The play ran through three generations of illegitimate children, only the third of whom is capable of a sense of shame, the implication being that she is capable of such a refined instinct because she is partly white. It is a subscription to the assumption that anything good in the Negro must come from the white blood in him; everything else about him must be primitive and sordid.

At a matinee performance of "Mamba's Daughters" I sat next to two white women both of whom obviously were of the blue blood set. The Oxonian accent of the younger one was decidedly that with which *hoi polloi* associate lorgnettes and the society page of the Sunday metropolitan newspapers. From her conversation I garnered that she was high in the horseman's world and on speaking terms with the social register. More matronly and kindly was the older of the two, who might even have been a Sunday school teacher. Both had recently returned from the South, where they had had occasion to observe the conditions under which Dixie's millions of Negroes live and have their being.

"There is something about the smell of horseflesh which is positively thrilling," exulted the more loquacious younger dialogist. "I think anyone who loves horses is noble. Horses are so responsive to kindness that one cannot be cruel to them without hurting one's own soul.

"My, but it is getting warm in here. I'm glad there are no Negroes here in the orchestra circle. I feared lest the place would be overrun with them, and you know what that would have meant in a stuffy theatre.

"I think Miss Waters is perfectly marvelous, don't you? I would love to meet her. Isn't it astonishing that a Negro can be so refined and carry herself with such grace? I am sure she must be a perfectly lovely person. I must send my colored maid to see this play; it will do her good to see one of her own race who has made something out of herself. Negroes are such impossible persons, aren't they? But I suppose that is the way God made them.

"Oh, my dear, you should have been at the horse show. You love horses, don't you? Of course; everyone does. Isn't it too bad that Mr. So and So's stable had to be sold [referring to a well known Wall Street banker who embezzled huge sums and who, now a guest in a penitentiary, is known by a number as long as his former income]. I think it was perfectly cruel to put him in jail. After all, society should not crush a man after it has humiliated him. He has been punished enough by the sense of shame he must experience at being branded a criminal. He was such a lovely man and had such genuine affection for horses. A man who loves horses can't really be a criminal."

The matron puts in hers

The mousey matron who sat between me and the horsewoman did not know much about the virtues of horses, but she did have a feeling for fellow human beings. Having just returned from Florida, the conversation was adroitly shifted to the South. She had been distressed at the sight of the poverty of Negro shacks and felt that white people were not exactly Christian in their attitude

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towards the dark-skinned children of the sun. It was hardly fair for society to free the Negro from slavery and then to shackle him with degradation in the name of freedom. Here was Miss Waters as an example of what the Negro is capable of accomplishing when given an opportunity.

"But, my dear," rebutted the horsey one, "you just can't go into another section of the country and tell people what to do about their local problems. The Negroes are accustomed to poverty and do not expect anything else. And if you give the Negroes too much leeway they will be simply impossible as servants. Heaven only knows they are hard enough to put up with as things are."

With the dimming of the lights and the raising of the curtain the crescendo of chatter sank into a diminuendo of "There she is now. Isn't she perfectly gorgeous! I *must* meet her."

After the half-breed villain had been successfully strangled by the distraught Hagar, who in turn thoughtfully removed herself from the stage before ending her own life, I hurried to catch a train back home—and to hear Marian Anderson in her now historic Washington Easter concert from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, which was broadcast over the nation after the D.A.R. and local school officials had prevented her appearance in a hall large enough to accommodate her audience. Here was not Mamba's daughter in a South Carolina commissary, but Mamba's granddaughter on the doorstep of the nation. And when that same granddaughter appeared before President Roosevelt and the King of England in her most recent White House concert, more than one heart swelled with pride.

What millions of Americans fail to realize is that Marian Anderson and Ethel Waters are but samples of the wealth which lies hidden in the Negro race, waiting for prospectors to dig away the earth of oppression and bring to light rich deposits which will add immeasurably to our national culture and spiritual grandeur. There is much of dross, it is true, but slag always comes with precious ore. Americans may loudly protest against the blood theories rampant in Europe and blithely wink at their application to the Negroes in this country, but is there not also a culture theory which might apply to the colored tenth of our population? a deadweight of intolerance and injustice bearing him down into the dust of despair.

Today the Negro is not only continuing to absorb the white man's culture, but is building up thought processes of his own. A new race pride is developing and a group consciousness is materializing. But with the coming of this race pride and group consciousness there begins to appear in Negro literature and poetry a growing fire of resentment against injustice and a vocalization of grievances which will not be banked by the ashes of unfulfilled hopes or stilled by the echoes of empty promises. The Negro is growing into man's estate. He has yet far to go; but if we his elders thwart the aspirations of his adolescence and humiliate the pride of his awakening, we can hardly blame him if he becomes dangerously introvert and blatantly anti-social.

On the other hand, what many Negroes with the down of manhood still silken on their chins often fail to realize is that to them Marian Anderson and Ethel Waters should be symbols of what can be achieved in a democracy such as ours *if they have something worth while to offer.* Just as they rightly cry out against prejudice because of color, so they must not expect favors because of color. When the brown-skinned girl, whom Toscanini described as "the greatest singer" he had ever heard, stood before the rulers of two great nations, she stood not as the grown-up granddaughter of a slave Mamba but as an American citizen with something worth their attention.

The Easter moon which leaned over the pinnacle of the Washington Monument and haloed the face of Marian Anderson as she stood on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial and sang to the world is the same moon which bathes with the silver of hope the tired cabins of her people on southern plantations. And the moon is the symbol of hope. Great things are possible for the Negro in our Christian democracy, for here the Negro may demand his rights, not only in the name of our Constitution but in the Name of God.

Winter Sparrows

Each small resentful feather-ball,
A rumpled, fractious scrap of brown,
Is soap-box orator to all
His affluent town

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT WELL MAY be that future historians will record President Roosevelt's joint letter to Pope Pius XII, supreme head of the Catholic Church, to Dr. George A. Buttrick, as representative of the federated Protestant Christian congregations, and Dr. Cyrus Adler, as representative of American Jewry, inviting their cooperation with him in the reestablishment of world peace as the event that marked the beginning of the realization of the hope that inspired him when he wrote that letter—a hope that came to him, he testifies, by communication with those masses of people in every land "whose voices are not heard, but whose common faith will write the final history of our times. They know that unless there is belief in some guiding principle and some trust in a divine plan nations are without light, and peoples perish. They know that the civilization handed down to us by our fathers was built by men and women who knew in their hearts that all were brothers because they were children of God. They believed that by His will enmities can be healed; that in His mercy the weak can find deliverance, and the strong can find grace in helping the weak. In the grief and terror of the hour these quiet voices, if they can be heard, may yet tell of the rebuilding of the world."

As we all know, in addition to addressing the three above named leaders of the religious forces of the western world with his proposal of cooperation, President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. Myron C. Taylor as his personal ambassador to Pope Pius XII. It is this fact which lifts the Roosevelt message out of the ineffectual mode of modern governmental relations with religion in democratic countries, particularly our own, and gives it the concrete reality of a definite and realistic action. Ordinarily, such relations are vague, platitudinous, absurdly futile affairs. Presidents and governors and senators and congressmen and mayors and aldermen and lesser political powers have been like most business and professional men and women in their attitudes and behavior in regard to religion. Many of them—perhaps a large majority—have as individuals been themselves believers, more or less, in some form of religious belief more or less connected with the main traditions of western civilization.

Generally speaking, however, they all of them concurred in living that divided, and therefore largely frustrated, existence which has been the great curse of modern western life, and which has inevitably caused our present huge disasters—the division, namely, between private and public religion and, as a necessary consequence, the division between private and isolated moral and ethical thinking and acting and public indifference and neglect to moral and ethical considerations in most of our public affairs. When there was added to the destructive effects of this indifference and neglect of morality and ethics in politics, statesmanship, commerce, banking, industry, labor problems and the like—including the all-important affair of the neglect of moral and ethical considerations in education—the corrosive, well-planned efforts of the organized forces of materialistic atheism to take advantage of the well-nigh fatal state of indifference of the majority of political and business and professional leaders toward public religious action found little or no opposition to their revolutionary plot; in fact they found allies, even if unconscious ones.

The Pope rejoices, as he told his Cardinals, and through them all the world, in President Roosevelt's action. Archbishop Spellman, through whom the President's letter to the Pope was transmitted, rejoices on behalf of all American Catholics. New York's Catholic leader spoke also a word the significance of which should be paramount in the thinking and acting of all American Catholics in this hour of a marvellous opportunity. Archbishop Spellman says: "As an American, living, working and willing to die for the welfare of my country and my countrymen, all of them, I am very happy that President Roosevelt has harmonized the voice of Pope Pius XII with his own clarion call for peace among peoples and nations. It is opportune that on this vigil of the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace, the President of the United States should take this action for peace. President Roosevelt is our leader, the leader of a free people determined on peace for ourselves, desirous of peace for others. We are a people who believe in, who practice and defend freedom of religion, freedom in the dissemination of truth, freedom of assembly, freedom of trade. It is timely that our President, intrepid enunciator of these principles, and champion of them, should join with other forces for peace, for charitable and humanitarian influences. . . ."

Mr. Myron Taylor in accepting his high and unique office as President Roosevelt's ambassador at the Vatican threw strong light upon the reason why Archbishop Spellman's rejoicing is far more than that merely of a Catholic leader naturally and properly glad because the supreme leader of his own Church has been thus supported in his work for peace by the action of the secular leader of the American nation and government. Mr. Taylor reveals that when the Pope visited our country a few years ago, he was host to the then Cardinal Secretary of State of the Vatican, and that the latter said to him then that the time was at hand when "all the forces of religion would need to align themselves together against a revival of paganism if our civilization were to be saved. How true a prophecy that was current world events will bring home to every right-thinking man. It will lead him to the question," Mr. Taylor continued, "how can I serve? That will overshadow his every thought."

How can we serve? American Catholics should answer Mr. Taylor's great question with overwhelming affirmation of their willingness to follow where not only their President but their Holy Father and the Archbishop of New York, have pointed the way. We are brothers of all men, truly; but first of all we should demonstrate our brotherhood with our Protestant and Jewish fellow Americans by working together against all efforts to extend further the subversive and fratricidal activities of the agencies of revolutionary paganism.

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Communications

15 YEARS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Permit me to bring to your attention that unfortunately due to an oversight your kind favor of October 27 has not been duly acknowledged.

I wish you to know that I am deeply appreciative of your courteous and considerate action in forwarding to me a copy of the fifteenth anniversary issue of THE COMMONWEAL. I have found the same to be most interesting and instructive in form and contents.

If I may I shall offer even belatedly my cordial congratulations to you and the other members of the various staffs of THE COMMONWEAL in recognition of the successful completion of fifteen years of literary and journalistic endeavor. I shall express also the hope that your organ may be in the future for many years a source of pleasurable reading, as well as of instructive influence to its subscribers.

✠THOMAS R. MOLLOY,
Bishop of Brooklyn.

LABOR AND VIOLENCE

New York N. Y.

TO the Editors: Barely had I renewed my subscription to THE COMMONWEAL and examined its initial copy to me thereunder than, as in some instances in earlier years, I have felt constrained to criticize the spirit and the accuracy of a contributor who writes with facility and interest, but whose statements of alleged fact and conclusions based thereon strike me as in the main wholly unsupportable.

To Mr. Cort, who presents the surface appearance of writing with detachment and impartiality, the while, however, briefing in behalf of one of the contestants, some dialectic tribute should be paid, inasmuch as his article, "Labor and Violence" (November 1), omits essential factors which in the labor problem he obviously has no relish for discussing, and with Christian fortitude accepts, if he does not inferentially condone, many of labor's major offenses.

Perhaps the author's most conspicuous pretermission lies in his rather transparent failure to review even briefly the legislative inequity of the "Wagner Act," and especially its execution by a Commission that has firmly established its reputation as partial, discriminating, biased and in many instances radically CIO. . . .

A further grave neglect is concerned with the alleged statistical fact that "in 1937, 60 percent of all strikes were called because the employers involved would not so much as recognize unions chosen by a majority of their employees." Shrewdly enough—as doubtless might be the case with any brief-maker—Mr. Cort provides no authoritative statistical proof in support of his contention. He does, however, in the succeeding paragraph offer the La Follette Civil Liberty Committee as his authority for the statement that the striker who shouts: "Let's get the rats!" is an employer's "spy" attempting "to create trouble where none exists," but from its juxtaposition to the text immediately preceding he would lead one to suppose that the Commission is the authority for the "60 percent" generalization.

Mr. Cort's heart-leaning is rather obviously revealed in his reference to the worker whom he concedes to be hungry and deserving, willing to take the vacated position of a violent and ruthless striker as a "scab," not even dressing the term in inverted commas, but naturally employing it with the subconscious feeling of contempt and execration with which the striker himself invests the word.

Naïvely Mr. Cort asserts that: "We are not interested in the activities of labor racketeers" whom he is willing to concede "are for the most part purely criminal types." But a racketeer is not by any means a strike-leader who has gone to jail and it is with particular reference to his temporary enfranchisement and leadership in his union that bloody outrages are perpetrated, not merely against the employer, but particularly against those who seek to assert their constitutional right to labor. Yet the figure that Mr. Cort dismisses with a brief line of reprehension is actually the Hamlet of the play, deserving close study not merely of his unruly actions, but particularly of his baneful influence, and the demoralization it induces.

This casual critique should specifically include the author's reference to "the wave of reactionary anti-labor legislation" in respect whereof he alleges that Oregon's laws "are not designed to bring the people peace" but are "designed more often by anti-labor interests to hamstring unions in the exercise of their just rights." Supportive of this thesis Mr. Cort offers not a scintilla of credible evidence, and if this be not, under the guise of impersonal survey, special and equally specious pleading, then to my dismay I must be wholly unacquainted with either, but should I venture to request for this *a-priori* conclusion something approaching proof, I fear I would be subject to the reproach of being an epistolary "scab."

At all events I am, as a member of the body politic—neither an employer nor an employee, but withal a worker—indicating my reactions to Mr. Cort's conclusions despite the censure to which I may seem to be exposed.

JOHN VERNOU BOUVIER.

New York N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am neither capitalist nor employer; I have worked for wages all my life; I have not been a member of a labor union because I know of none which fits my trade. As a consulting industrial engineer I have been brought in touch with concerns in a great many industries, in practically every state of the Union, in Canada and in Europe. Necessarily, I have had mostly to deal with employers but it has been part of my duty—and my interest—to examine into relationships between employers and employees. Apart from the moral aspects, so clearly set forth in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI, and so well discussed by THE COMMONWEAL and other publications, there are certain practical aspects of labor relations upon which I venture to express some thoughts, based upon the experience of some thirty years. None of these thoughts is new. . . . But they were arrived at "first-hand" and are not wholly based upon "what I read in the papers."

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I have noticed within recent years a growing trend among the more enlightened employers to recognize the rights of labor. I do not think this is because they have "got religion" but that they have come to realize that the true interests of capital and labor run parallel.

I have noticed that enlightened labor realizes that capital must keep its plants competitive with constant improvement in productive equipment if the plants are to continue to exist, even where it results in a reduction of the number of jobs. I know of instances where labor representatives in union closed shops voluntarily informed the management of wasteful practices and methods, the correction of which not only led to substantial economies but to the eventual reduction of the number of employees. I do not think these men were disloyal to their unions. I believe they were farsighted in realizing that continuance of such practices eventually would result in the failure of the business with incomparably greater harm to labor as a whole.

But I fear that enlightenment has as yet reached but a small minority of employers and employees. Until a large majority of both become enlightened, we shall continue to have strikes and lockouts, slowdowns and stretchouts, sabotage and wage-cuts, and the other evils which not only labor and capital but the general public have to bear.

When a majority of employers have been educated to give more than lip service to the fact that what labor needs is not a high hourly wage but security with a decent annual wage and a modest share of the fruits of their work, much will have been accomplished. In all my experience, I can recall no more pitiful sight than the faces of more than a hundred workers in a foundry in Western New York on being suddenly informed at quitting time, two days before Christmas, that their services would not be required for a month or six weeks.

If the rank and file of labor were educated to the point where it realized its true interests, it would never stand for the division in its ranks which exists today. In union there is strength. But in a multiplicity of antagonistic unions there is no strength. Employers, willing to deal fairly with labor, have frequently expressed to me their helplessness in trying to treat with contending labor leaders whose interests—at least in the employers' viewpoint—lie not so much in obtaining benefits for those whom they represent as in gaining credit and perhaps profits for themselves. . . .

Labor must be taught to clean its own house; to rid itself of dishonest, self-seeking leaders; to realize the just rights of capital. Capital must be taught that its own best interests lie in giving practical recognition to the just rights of labor. Both are difficult tasks, calling for patience and goodwill, for courage and sound judgment. They can be accomplished in time if labor and capital each will apply unto itself the Christian principles laid down in the Encyclicals. Nowhere have I seen these principles more earnestly taught or better put into practice than by the Association of Catholic Trades Unionists, an organization of young men and women who, without thought of profit or glory for themselves, are devoting their time and effort to this great cause H. R. Evans.

The Stage & Screen

When We Are Married

IT IS BECOMING more and more evident that the talent of Mr. J. B. Priestley is not a talent for the theatre. In only one play, "Dangerous Corner," has the English novelist shown any particular understanding of the peculiar requirements of the stage. He has a flair for expressing the whimsicalities of character, but the leisurely, almost meandering method of his exposition and the absence of any particular bite in his dialogue are not virtues in dramatic writing. "Dangerous Corner" got over because for once he had hit on an interesting story with a surprise twist at the end, but his succeeding plays have shown nothing of this quality. Recently he has been obsessed with problems which are entirely beyond his intellectual compass, problems such as reality and the meaning of time. Mr. Priestley's abilities lie in the keenness of his observation of middle-class English character, not in the profundity of his intellectual processes. He is an observer of the superficialities of life rather than a thinker.

In "When We Are Married," however, Mr. Priestley has returned to a *milieu* in which he ought to be at home —the exposition of life in a middle-class Yorkshire family at the turn of the century. Unfortunately to his story, that of three couples who discover, or think they have discovered, that they have never been legally married, he hasn't succeeded in giving any semblance of reality. Most of the characters are stock figures, the situations are old hat and the lines are not exhilaratingly funny. It is a farce-comedy of humors which might prove admirably suited for amateurs, but is certainly out of place on the professional stage. The cast is excellent, though Tom Powers, Alice Fleming, A. P. Kaye, Ann Andrews, Estelle Winwood and Philip Tonge play the married people very broadly indeed, as perhaps they must. The best acting of the evening is done by Winston O'Keefe as the lover, Alison Skipworth as the servant, J. C. Nugent as a bibulous photographer and Leona Powers as a gay but understanding barmaid. They are all skilfull technically, amusing and human. Mr. Priestley's play is naif and innocent. It is little more. (*At the Lyceum Theatre.*)

Billy Draws a Horse

THIS play by Leslie Storm is one of thos tenuous, placid, static comedies which London seems to like, but which transportation over the stormy Atlantic renders almost invisible. Yet at least we must be thankful for its bringing Miss Grace George back to the local stage. Miss George is one of the very few actresses who can give high comedy as high comedy should be given, and at times she almost persuades us that "Billy Draws a Horse" is such a comedy. She has a number of excellent coadjutors, among whom special words of praise should go to Haley Bell, Arthur Margetson, Lumsden Hare, Leo Bulgakoff and Jules Epailly. In addition Harry Wagstaff Gribble directs it for all there is in it. That there comes out very

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little is not his fault nor that of the actors. "Billy Draws a Horse" is simply not for the American public. (*At the Playhouse.*) GRENVILLE VERNON.

1939—All Gone, Gone With the Wind

WE HAVE waited a long time and finally it is here. Even with its faults, which it is by no means without, "Gone With the Wind" is worth waiting for and a great film. One is first of all impressed by its unprecedented magnitude—its great length, its three years in the making, four million dollar cost, enormous cast, lavish sets and its panoramic sweep. Secondly it is all story, and to that story David O. Selznick's production has been so faithful that one believes he was more interested in bringing its 1,037 pages to the screen intact than in making a moving, dramatically intense picture. Of course, Margaret Mitchell's novel, in spite of rather mild praise from the critics, has won millions of readers; and those readers were not to be upset by any Hollywood tampering with the most popular new book of our time. But a little changing, some building up and much cutting out, especially in the last half, would have improved it—even if only to dispose of its episodic quality and its seemingly never-ending length.

To Victor Fleming must go a large share of praise. Under his direction the acting is superb. Vivien Leigh's portrayal of Scarlett, the beautiful, selfish, conscienceless Southern belle, who ruthlessly hurdles all obstacles, to whom money becomes a god, will please all readers and Margaret Mitchell herself. What Mr. Fleming has done with Olivia de Havilland is amazing. Never has this young actress given such a fine performance. Her Melanie grows from a sweet, mousey creature to the very personification of a good, generous, heroic Southern lady. Clark Gable's Rhett Butler is a natural. (Although I was reminded too often of Mickey Rooney's impersonation of Gable.) He is the living Rhett, who only believes in Rhett, who knows how to put a coy belle in her place and who doesn't "give a damn"—the first "damn" in the movies, by the way. Hattie McDaniel's characterization of Mammy is perfect; perhaps we are won to her for the humor she inserts where it is needed. Also good are Ona Munson as Belle Watling, Thomas Mitchell as Gerald O'Hara, Barbara O'Neil as his wife, Butterfly McQueen as Prissy. Most disappointing are Laura Hope Crews who is too much herself as Aunt Pittypat, and Leslie Howard who is even more lifeless and colorless than Ashley Wilkes was ever meant to be.

The luscious Technicolor is used well generally, but holds up the action several times and in the plantation scenes drools with moonlight and honeysuckle. Many of the scenes in this picture, which was designed for adults, are unforgettable and certainly worth your staying to the bitter end: the army's return from its lost cause, the birth of Melanie's baby, the body-strewn field outside of the hospital when Max Stein's music and the Confederate flag play important rôles, the mad ride of Scarlett, Rhett and Melanie from Atlanta, Scarlett's return to Tara after Sherman's army has cut through, Scarlett's shooting the Yankee deserter. . . . Watch for them. But three hours and forty minutes is a long sit! PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Three Novels

To the End of the World. Helen C. White. Macmillan. $2.50.

IT IS upon a large canvas that Miss White paints in this novel about the French Revolution; but though we catch glimpses of such figures as Danton and Robespierre and Talleyrand and Fouquier-Tinville and even the young Bonaparte, the story is not about them. As for the knitting-women, they do not appear at all. Everything is subdued so as to shed a quiet light upon the serene heroism of obscure men and women, especially those priests who remained behind and, refusing the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, worked as best they could to save the Church in France, until their time came to ascend the scaffold. The most important figure in the book, because he was the mainspring of this Catholic activity, is the subsidiary character, M. Emery, Superior of the Sulpicians, who was imprisoned eighteen months in the Conciergerie, but who survived the Revolution and who began the work of renovation. It was he, and not the *emigré* bishops, who best understood that a new age had arrived and that the Church should accept what was good in the Revolution and work toward an accord with the republican government.

The hero of the story is Michel de la Tour d'Auvergne, the nephew of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, Abbot *in commendam* of Cluny. The young priest, moulded by Emery, upon his ordination refuses his uncle's offers of rapid ecclesiastical promotion, and to that prelate's dismay, as to the dismay of the members of his immediate family, insists upon becoming a monk at Cluny. This was in 1788. But the Revolution scattered the monks and gutted the abbey, whereupon Michel worked as a *curé* in the Vendée, trying to keep the peasants from rising against Paris yet going out with them to attend to their spiritual needs when at last they revolted. When that work was destroyed, he made his way to Paris where, disguised as a dealer in old clothes, he did what he could, under M. Emery's direction, as one of the band of non-juring priests, to administer the sacraments to the faithful, giving the last absolution secretly at the very foot of the guillotine. Thus he reconciles a deputy who is in the tumbril with Danton, as he reconciles Gouraud, a fellow-student of his at Saint-Sulpice who had become a bitter revolutionary and who died by his own hand. Nevertheless all this time Michel, like M. Emery, sympathizes with the main lines of the Revolution, though he deplores its excesses. Finding Paris too hot for him, he is instructed to leave the city and go into hiding in the Auvergne, and later acts as M. Emery's emissary to Rome. When quieter times come, he returns as *curé* of Cluny, where the abbey in which he had thought to end his days is a ruin. It is for him and his like to maintain the Faith to the end of the world.

The story is well written and is moving. But Miss White, in her determination to avoid the sensational, sometimes becomes a little too sedate. And in an effort to give actuality by using a colloquial tone in her conversations, she drops into an American idiom hardly in keeping with the times she describes. Anachronistic terms are similarly employed. One of these is the word "Profiteer"—coined in our own age by A. R. Orage. Few

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which, after all, are small matters when set beside the rich and solid qualities of an important novel.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Heroic Dust. Theodora Dehon. Macmillan. $2.50.

THIS IS a narrative of the uprising of the Normans to protect their ancestral privileges and their Catholic religion against the forces of the French Revolution. The action, melodramatic at times, centers about young Louis-Auguste Gothier de Boisdésert, son of a benevolent noble and ardent royalist. Views of the other clashing forces are placed in the mouths of the civil leader Jean-François de Royville, a moderate revolutionist, whose daughter provides the love interest, Paul Croteau, vagabond and inciter of the mobs, and a village Curé.

The youngster, made mature by the falling world about him, is entangled in the effects of the Civil Constitution of the clergy; the reign of terror which burns his village church, attacks the family castle and takes his brother's life; the subsequent Convention, the Directory, the Thermidorian reaction and the advent of Napoleon. There are distant echoes of the abortive attempts at counter-revolution in Anjou and in the Vendée (told so beautifully elsewhere by Louise Guiney) and a vivid picture of the fateful guerilla warfare of the Chouans and the disastrous attack on Tinchebray in 1796.

The story is based on the authenticated letters of General Louis de Frotté, the inspired leader of the Chouanerie who lost his life when Napoleon's forces penetrated Normandy, and on family legend handed down from the time of the gallant though futile struggle of the Hunters of the King, the People of the Good God and the Knights of the Crown. It should be considered as an attempt to call attention to forgotten bravery, rather than as a novel.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

Turn Ever Northward. Margaret Barrington. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS NOVEL is as quaintly singular as its own atmosphere. Most of the action takes place in the village of Glasthule, North Ireland, sheltered by hills beyond which "stretched the great moors rising gradually to the heights of Sleive Dhu range." The plot is mature and well constructed, but the style in which the book is written is almost childishly simple at times. Writing in the strictest simplicity, one of Miss Barrington's characteristic sentences is as direct as this, "When I came back, I packed my suitcases, cooked a good meal and ate it."

But she is also capable of expressing herself with a poetic and Gaelic lilt, as "Far away, folded between hills, lay the Eastern Sea, the sea of Moyle, like the sheet of steel, and in the far distance a faint blue line, already obscured by the clouds, the coast of Scotland." Yet she can refer to "acidulous asides" and one character feels an "ecstasy of grief."

In the middle of the book, when Miss Barrington shifts her characters from North Ireland to Dublin, the novel descends from the unusual to the ordinary. The colorful, bitter hero vanishes, a proxy takes his place—a rather nondescript proxy who fails to hold the reader's interest. The heroine's transition from a little country girl to a successful journalist is too sudden, too unbelievable. The characters no longer have the life and warmth of the earlier chapters, instead they become the ordinary individuals found in average novels.

The author probably changed the setting to a less romantic one in order to move her heroine into the heart of the Irish Rebellion. If this is true, it was not worth the sacrifice. The Irish Rebellion scenes are vigorous, perhaps, and even fascinating, but never in Dublin does the novel catch the beauty of the chapters in Glasthule.

When the characters go back to Glasthule, the novel ascends almost to literary greatness again. Miss Barrington writes with ease and assurance of real, vivid people living in a country she obviously loves. The horror of one magnificently written scene, where two ex-soldiers, mentally mutilated by the war, discuss in dreadful details their experiences in France, is almost unforgettable.

GLORIA AMOURY.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

This Way to Heaven. Paul Hanly Furfey. Preservation Press. $2.00.

BY DINT of pounding away at the Christian message, in season and out of season, through preaching, writing and exemplary living, the Church evinces that perennial supernatural vitality which commands the attention of the world. The old antithesis of clergy *vs.* laity, so long in force, has had to yield to another and more classical antithesis, that between the world and the Body of Christ. Within this Body clergy and laity have their respective apostolates; in common they have the obligation to become saints. The mediocre Catholic is not a help but a hindrance, for the times are dangerous and heroism is wanted.

Two things are luminously clear: the need to worship and the need to sacrifice. The chapters on the Mass and the "Normal Christian Living Standard" show how lay people are assimilated to the whole Christ, so that by worship they are made like Him Who in turn identifies Himself with His creatures to redeem them. The Headship of Jesus implies the co-membership of men in the Body, and of all men. Hence, as He is so are we in this world—bound to identify ourselves with His creatures in their poverty and their wretchedness. Heroic self-identification with the world suffering under injustice and poverty is a direct outcome of being made one with the Body of Christ.

The author shows how a layman must share this apostolate, particularly by practicing poverty and the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. We have always known this, but it is good, no doubt, to be told it again and again. The best commentary I know on the theoretical exposé given in this book is Dorothy Day's "House of Hospitality," where one sees heroic charity actually functioning. "This Way to Heaven" is after all more of a guide book than a dynamic: it portrays the need and the means, and it urges to action. Moderate Catholics might conceivably be shaken by it from their lethargy of mind and will, but I fancy that the spectacle of heroic charity at work would shock them into a keener realization of their plight than any exposition of duress and duty.

RICHARD FLOWER, O.S.B.

The Future Is Ours. Jay Franklin. Modern Age. $.50.

JAY FRANKLIN'S book is a brilliant and impressive demonstration of the importance of the Tennessee Valley Authority for the future of America. Drawing upon a rich store of economic and social understanding, he presents, with keen logic and fertile imagination, the TVA as a preview of the government of tomorrow.

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The TVA was created to plan "for the proper use, conservation and development of the natural resources of the Tennessee River drainage basin and its adjoining territory for the general social and economic welfare of the Nation." These words of President Roosevelt, taken from his brief message to Congress on April 10, 1933, are prosaic enough. Yet they constitute a kind of classical dividing line between the past and the future, between a world of predatory individualism and the insane exploitation of human and material resources and a world wherein the conservation of all our precious resources and the welfare of our people will be the ruling norms of social existence.

The TVA is the first outpost of the new social order, for it involves far more than the building of dams and generators. Its significance, says Jay Franklin, is to be found in the fact that it represents a large-scale effort in regional planning on a basis of free cooperation among many groups—federal, state, municipal, town and country groups and cooperative associations. It is a true revolution in our political life because it has laid the foundation for a synthesis of regional and national planning in the interests of all the people. Its uniqueness lies in this that it is practically a semi-independent system in the field of public operations charged with the duty of coordinating political and economic resources for the benefit of an entire community and without wearisome reference to Washington. Its manpower is a large army of hardworking, unassuming and underpaid scientists, engineers, administrators and technicians whose careers are dedicated to a purpose other than the amassing of money. Their enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* prove once and for all that the profit motive can be subordinated to public service and the common good.

The story of the TVA makes it quite plain that the choice is not simply between the TVA and private ownership of power, as some have claimed, but between the TVA idea and an oligarchic totalitarianism. The latter means strangulation of our national life, the former social transformation which will rationalize our political government to fit the framework of our economic resources and subordinate the rule of private business to the purposes of the Nation.

Now that the most difficult problems have been mastered by the TVA there is no reason, the author tells us, why the same thing should not be done in other regions of our country. Indeed the next step after TVA is already foreshadowed by measures known as the "seven TVAs Bill," introduced in 1937. This plan to extend the TVA system to other parts of America was not well received by the utility interests. Indeed the fury with which they greeted it suggests that the bill may become the Maginot Line where the new social forces of the future will meet the massed financial battalions which represent the past.

This brief description of Jay Franklin's book is enough to indicate its importance. Low in price, it should reach many people who have been misinformed by sections of the press and by the false propaganda of the utilities.

ROBERT C. POLLOCK.

Warfare. Ludwig Renn. Oxford. $2.50.

LUDWIG RENN is the pen-name of a German officer who fought in the first World War, spent two years and six months in prison after Hitler's rise to power and, after his escape to Switzerland, fought on the Loyalist side in the Spanish War. As an instructor of German and Loyalist officers, he was unable to find any good books on military instruction that gave the fundamentals of warfare in a clear and humanly understandable fashion. His book unites information on practical warfare with economic and psychological considerations.

Writing primarily for the layman, he first discusses the objectives of the four major types of warfare—wars of liberation, predatory wars, wars of annihilation, wars of extortion—and then proceeds to a consideration of the similarity and dissimilarity of opponents, the rules of international law and the military value of volunteer and conscript men. He believes that the costs of war can no longer be met from the general enrichment of the population in the post-war period. For this reason he contends that future wars should be fought with small professional armies; otherwise they will become too expensive and too unprofitable for all concerned.

The second part of the book is concerned with the practical conduct of warfare. Clear definitions are given of strategy and tactics. Numerous historical examples illustrate the various forms of strategy and the many kinds of tactics employed by the infantry, the air arm and the tank arm. A short chapter is devoted to the strategy and tactics of naval warfare.

Mr. Renn is not only a stout anti-Fascist, which is laudable, but also an ardent admirer of the Soviet Union, which is inexcusable. The last thirty-five pages of the book, dealing with the subject of war propaganda, are consequently of little value. JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

World Without End. Stoyan Pribichevich. Reynal. $3.50.

IT IS REALLY very unfortunate that Pribichevich tries so hard to establish himself as an exclusive American authority on the Balkans by "forgetting," very conveniently, to note other well-known American authorities on this region in his otherwise extensive bibliography of nine pages. Thus, for instance, we find not a single reference to Emil Lengyel whose uninterrupted output of articles and books has been just as valuable as that of several other authors we could name. Yet Pribichevich really does not need to utilize this pretty well worn-out technique, designed to impress the reader that there are no other up-to-date studies of this topic available, because his work is a very useful excursion into the political, economic and social intricacies of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania and Greece. It is true that there are occasional slips in facts and interpretation. Why should Czechoslovakia be included, geographically, in this "Saga of Southeastern Europe"? Are the Czech and Slovak really "two different languages"? The name of the founder of a group known as Bohemian Brethren is spelled Chelčický and not "Helčicky." In fact, so many names are misspelled on the following pages that it is impossible to catalogue them here. The reviewer has never heard the White Mountain of Bohemia—where the Czechs were defeated in 1620—called "Cursed Mountain." According to the latest researches, Rudolph of Austria was not so much "a tender-hearted *libre penseur*" as a wastrel without any moral and ethical sense. Pribichevich believes that "The Czech is generally silent and prudent." He ought to see him lose those qualities in his beloved beer-house and recall the lack of prudency he displayed in his political squabbles after the World War. J. Cvijich was not "the best internationally known Balkan sociologist," but a geographer. This sociological distinction has been ascribed to Professor D. Gusti of Roumania.

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The Peasant Parties are not limited to Croatia, Serbia, Bulgaria and Roumania. Pribichevich ought to be acquainted with the other peasant parties as described in P. A. Sorokin, C. C. Zimmerman and C. J. Galpin, "A Systematic Source Book in Rural Sociology" (Minneapolis, 1932), Vol. II. The whole chapter five on "Imagination" needs to incorporate the findings of the two volumes of P. A. Radosavljevich's "Who Are the Slavs?" (Boston, 1919).

For all this, Pribichevich has written a good book. It is, however, also only fair to state that he is capable of writing an immeasurably better one. JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

The Living Tradition. Simeon Strunsky. Doubleday. $3.50.

MR. STRUNSKY is a first-string editorial writer for the New York *Times,* and so we can expect to find him in this lengthy defense of "the American System" trying, vainly, but with much erudition, to be both liberal and conservative at the same time. His thesis, supported with statistics *ad nauseam,* is that America is still the glorious land of opportunity it was back in the days before 1890, when the free land ran out and the frontier stopped dead. Discussing the sins of the robber barons in exploiting our natural resources, Mr. Strunsky says: "The pioneer is prodigal of natural wealth, of human life, of human happiness. To call it waste, from the smug security of our latter-day dividends on the pioneer's labor, is something less than fair."

This shows how the author's heart bleeds for the underdog, but we would like to ask him *whose* "smug security" and *whose* "dividends" he is referring to in this precious passage. Surely not to those of the 6,372,000 (and here are some statistics that apparently escaped his attention) who have had no jobs since 1929, or of the 12,744,000 out of work in 1933, nor of the 8,190,000 unemployed in September of this year? Certainly not to the smug security of the 65 percent of American families who in 1935-36 made less than the meagre living wage of $1,500 a year?

In another gem of *Times* editorial wisdom, Mr. Strunsky frankly confesses: "Today the democratic ideal is under heavy fire from the despotism of the Right and of the Left, and it behooves us not to confess too many faults lest it give aid and comfort to the enemy."

It would seem that the ostrich had the right idea after all.

This sort of statement illustrates the futility of looking to the New York *Times* mentality, dignified as it is and sound as it is on so many things, for any hope of salvation for "the democratic ideal." If Mr. Strunsky can shake the sand out of his ears, we should like to ask him explicitly: How in Heaven's name are we going to save democracy unless we set about with all dispatch and vigor to correct its faults and stop up the gaping holes in its defenses? And what hole more gaping than unemployment? And where, Mr. Strunsky, in all the 454 closely-printed pages of your much-too-lengthy opus, do you present one sound, sensible suggestion for stopping up that hole?

And yet, in spite of all this, our villain has written an interesting and in many respects worthwhile book. He writes very well, with the wisdom of the world at his finger-tips, and he has a deep and often amusing understanding of American psychology and tradition. And, of course, it is true that one can dwell too closely on the seamy side and miss the brighter aspects of what is, after all,

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a glorious country. And much can be forgiven a man who says a good word for the CIO and a bad word for progressive education.

I read the *Times* myself, but I think I shall continue to skip the editorial page, brilliant though it may be.

JOHN C. CORT.

CRITICISM

The American Drama since 1918. *Joseph Wood Krutch. Random.* $2.50.

THIS IS drama criticism as drama criticism ought to be. It is writing as rare as it is clarifying. Mr. Krutch is not interested in the ephemeral things of the theatre except as those things are of value in an understanding of the deeper things in the drama of today, its really important playwrights and the currents and cross-currents which influence them and their audiences. His opening chapter on the new American drama in its relation to the European tradition is a masterly exposition of the fact that the public has at last grown up to the serious dramatist, that the propagandist in the Shavian sense has become outmoded, and that the dramatists of today resemble Shakespeare, though of course a long distance off, rather than Shaw and Ibsen. Mr. Krutch sums it up in the statement that "modern audiences take for granted what it was once necessary to establish." It is this fact which has made possible O'Neill, Sherwood, Kaufman, Howard, Anderson, Behrman and even Odets.

Mr. Krutch is particularly happy in discussing Kaufman and Behrman. Kaufman he declares is the master of the wisecrack, and he defines the wisecrack as "a sort of shorthand reference to facts or attitudes calculated to abash or annihilate the victim who stands convicted of a sentimental disregard for what every intelligent person knows." He adds that Mr. Kaufman's wisecracks very often might be changed without damage from any one character to another, and that "Mr. Kaufman, being primarily a wit, does not know how to make a plot or even, probably, in just what direction he would want it to tend even if he could concoct it." Mr. Behrman he considers a distinctly higher type dramatist, a true writer of high comedy—that is when he doesn't allow current social problems to distract him. "Mr. Behrman's," Mr. Krutch writes, "is a kind of comedy in which the protagonists of various points of view, each equally endowed with eloquence, intelligence and wit, state their cases and expose the weakness of their adversaries' while the spectator stands by, not so much cynically enjoying the discomfiture of each as delighting in the insights which are afforded into both the problems themselves and the characters of those who are trying to solve them."

It is writing such as this which gives Mr. Krutch the peculiar place he holds among critics of the drama. His is a culture too soundly poised and deeply rooted to allow his judgments to be swayed by the fashion of the moment. With him the play is the thing, not the acting or the evanescent mood of the audience. He sees through sham and mere showmanship with extraordinary clarity, and does not fear to say that he has seen through it. He never writes in anger, knowing that anger is ill bred, but he can be as quietly merciless as he can be nobly restrained in praise, a praise which in him means more than all the hat throwing of the effervescent type of reviewer. Mr. Krutch possesses that rarest of all virtues of today, a classic balance of judgment and an equally classic sense of form.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

HISTORY

The Era of the American Revolution. Edited by Richard B. Morris. Columbia. $3.75.

ELEVEN superb scholars have written eleven superbly documented monographs, designed to warm the heart of the teacher of American history whose career inspired them. The book is a glowing tribute of esteem for Professor Evarts B. Greene, now retired, formerly of Harvard, Illinois and Columbia. A team of his "doctoral students," stars of erudition and research, has worked out new viewpoints of critical interpretation in the history of the American Revolution, 1760-1790, "the period of their teacher's principal scholarly activity."

These essays run riot through the lines of accepted pronouncements on many phases of our Revolutionary era. Historians, professional or popular, who strive in the future for scores and goals of success, must test the strength of their decisions against the original conclusions of these revolutionary studies. Clio, the cool muse, can sit in the stands and watch the contest. Here are some interesting points. The effects of the Navigation Acts, studied in a statistical analysis, become unfair burdens borne by the colonies in the struggle for commercial expansion. The balance of advantages tipped sharply in favor of England. Material for the contest against the writs of assistance is drawn from the experience of ten colonies, over against the custom of centering attention on Massachusetts. More than in external regulations, such as the Acts of Trade, the manifestations of mercantilism and labor appear through a study of the internal economic policies of the colonies. During the Revolution the distinctive feature of newspaper propaganda was "integrity"! Elaborate details of the impact of our Revolution on Ireland are gathered and interpreted with acumen. The last section of the book, with its new explanation of the causes and results of such "back-country" insurrections as Shays's Rebellion, may disturb the contented-minded.

In their generous purpose of bestowing honor upon their friend, the authors of these historical studies have brought honor upon themselves. Standards of objectivity and fairmindedness are evident on every page of this remarkable book. Under the skilled editorship of Professor Richard B. Morris, the writing in these papers moves and advances along the field of American history with the precision of teamwork. His associates have a coherent point of view.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

Australia: Her Heritage, Her Future. Paul McGuire. Stokes. $3.50.

I DO NOT KNOW another book that has attempted the task of assembling the history, geography, politics and sociology of Australia in a journalistic, readable style. Two or three good histories have been written by Australians in Australia, and they make good text books but dull reading.

Practically all the important facts about Australia are here, plus many others charmingly told in anecdote and parenthesis. Mr. McGuire's travels give his story the benefit of broad, pointed comparisons between Australia and other countries which will be helpful to foreign readers. The vivid presentation of Australia's size, its emptiness of people, its modern cities on the world's oldest continent, its extraordinary geography and other conditions that have produced flora and fauna unlike anything else in the world—these are set for the first time against the American scene, with excellent comparisons.

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The author handles controversial points with confident skill: his plea for the intelligence of the aborigines, for instance, is well done. His knowledge of contemporary Australian politics and problems is up to the minute and factual. The copious photographs, mostly supplied by the Australian National Travel Association, are excellent and new. And Mr. McGuire is very good on trends (how many Australians have noted the swing toward totalitarianism in their country's mass education and in the dominance of the oversized state and federal governments?).

Mr. McGuire is an Australian in every word he writes, and he loves his native land with a fine understanding of Australia and the Australian. But for all this he is a little hard on Australia—a rare and healthy attitude in the isolated patriotism of his countrymen. Though he is not as optimistic as most Australians about the future of his country, sometimes his nostaglia gets the better of him; his enthusiasm for the cosmopolitan gaiety of Sydney is the enthusiasm of the small-town Australian, and his claim that Sydney is twice as big as San Francisco is of course ridiculous if San Francisco's suburbs are taken into account (as he has taken Sydney's).

Mr. McGuire acknowledges his debt to his wife and a friend "who really wrote this book between them, though that had better remain a secret," and the fact that it was written by at least two people perhaps explains why the reader finds himself wandering through a jungle rather than a garden. The author's irrepressible background enriches but at the same time confuses the voyage to and through Australia. We start off with a typical trip to Australia through the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, but we stop frequently to dart from side to side into the well-told McGuire anecdotes, opinions, stray references and reminiscences. We get a summary of Mr. McGuire's ideas on Mediterranean problems, together with such interesting but cluttering tidbits as the fact that Kipling never cut much ice with the British Army in India. Three hundred and fifty pages of this pleasant wandering give us something of the "feel" of Australia, but we finish the book with few succinct ideas. Almost every really important point, instead of being dealt with by itself and in a pre-arranged order, gets a number of scattered mentions (for proof, just look at the index!). The result is that some things are left out altogether (the author apologizes for skipping Tasmania, but he is unabashed at almost completely neglecting Australia's ace tourist resort, the Blue Mountains). More editing would have been a good idea. And the book, for the jumbled kind of book it is, is too long.

Other books on Australia will be written without these quick darts into sideline and anecdote, and they will no doubt be clearer statements, but they will be less widely read. This book is an important series of snapshots of popular little Australian facts and traditions, as distinguished from more formal presentation in one clear picture. Every reader will enjoy the extraordinary Mystery of the Shark and the Arm that has for the last few years been fascinating visitors to Australia as well as Australians themselves. Mr. McGuire's extended visits to the United States have enabled him to present it all, for the first time to American readers, in a way American readers will probably like. It is the first excursion of an author already distinguished in fiction and writing on Catholic Action into an entirely different subject. If you like Paul McGuire and the way he writes and talks, you'll like this book.

LIONEL BRIDGE.

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The Inner Forum

CHRISTMAS VACATION is the occasion for the annual meetings of various Catholic learned societies in the United States. This year, for instance, the American Catholic Philosophical Association met at the Catholic University in Washington as part of the University's Golden Jubilee, December 28 and 29. The theme of the conference was "The Philosophy of the State." Morning meetings consisted of three principal addresses followed by discussions from the floor. Afternoon sessions were split up into smaller discussion groups. Among those scheduled to give principal addresses were Goetz Briefs, Father Martin D'Arcy, S.J., Waldemar Gurian, Father John F. McCormick, S.J., and Msgr. Fulton Sheen. Mortimer Adler, Emmanuel Chapman, Father J. W. R. Maguire, C.S.V., and Dom Verner Moore, O.S.B., were to give talks introducing the afternoon discussions.

The Morrison Hotel in Chicago was the scene of the second annual meeting of the American Catholic Sociological Society, December 26-28. The theme of the conference was the integration of Catholic social thought. Bishop Sheil of Chicago described the Catholic Youth Movement. Considerable attention was devoted to the problems arising from rural life. Msgr. Ligutti reported on the accomplishments of European cooperatives. A number of prominent speakers took up the relationships between sociology and anthropology, Catholic Action, child welfare, the family, delinquency, economics, social justice, social work and other topics.

The twentieth annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association took place at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, December 28-30. As in other years the conference was held at the same place as that of the American Historical Association and several joint sessions took place. All the meetings of the American Catholic Historical Association this year dealt with Latin America.

CONTRIBUTORS

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